VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 23, 1905. NUMBER 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Special Offer to New Friends

The UNITY would like to visit you regularly for a few weeks for the purpose of cultivating an acquaintance and becoming mutually helpful. The next few issues will mark the advent of several new friends to the pages of UNITY and the inception of some features we feel sure will greatly enhance the value of the pages. We are assured our old friends and contributors will continue to favor us and have the promise of articles from other leaders in various denominations. To accomplish all our desires we need one thousand new subscribers at once. Will you not, can you not do something for us? *Notice:* We will send UNITY to any new address

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905. NUMBER 12

SERVICE.

Use me God, in Thy great harvest-field
Which stretcheth far and wide, like a wide sea.
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. Oh, find a place for me:

A place where best the strength I have will tell.
It may be one the other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.

Christina G. Rossetti.

Rev. Amory H. Bardford, the eminent Congregationalist, claims that "there is in every man light sufficient to disclose all the truth that is needed for the purposes of life." This is the great Quaker contention for the inward light, and is getting back or down to the fundamentals. It is the "single eye" which Jesus trusted.

While the problem of tainted money is still unsolved it is startling to find the *Church Economist* raising the question of tainted labor. This editor is "often shocked by the vulgar talk and unseemly behavior of workmen engaged in the erection of churches," and so he asks, "Have churches any responsibility for the character of those who construct houses of worship?" A pertinent question, but why not as pertinent in regard to those who build homes, aye, who build barns and chicken houses? Integrity in construction and nobility of labor are requisites in the one as in the other.

We are glad to see so many of our exchanges, particularly the religious weeklies, entering their protests against the football outrages, but notwithstanding the terrible cost in life, money and enthusiasm, most of them are content with simply calling for a modification of the same. The *Outlook*, for instance, "neither hopes nor expects to see intercollegiate football abolished." It does hope "to see its present spirit and method radically modified and definitely improved." This in the face of the fact that the modified football is the uninteresting football, and the other fact that football represents a comparatively recent invasion into the college life of America. Educational institutions thrived and students were happy before these gladiatorial shows were introduced on the academic arenas. We believe they will thrive after they have been suppressed.

In the recent death of George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, there has been given an opportunity for the Christian world to take note of the work accomplished thus far by the phenomenal institution that now mourns his death. He helped terrestrialize the religion that was too much given to celestial projects. He helped make piety practical. He put Christianity to work; he tried to set the Golden Rule up in housekeeping, and the results are magnificent. But when he undertook to set a rim around his piety and to limit in order to make effective, he implanted within the corporation the elements of death and decay. The "Y" has long since become humorous as the gray hairs in its counsels testify. The "M" established an invidious limitation. The "C" as interpreted by their own constitution and legislation is too small to represent the fact. The "A" is the redeeming clause; by this sign they are conquered. Let the significance of "Association" be brought out and the work will go on.

President Hiram W. Thomas and his good wife held an improvised Congress of Religion at Washington, D. C., enroute for their southern home at De Funiak Springs, Fla. They were entertained at the Y. M. C. A. building by the "Hungry Club," a non-sectarian and a non-partisan organization which, as the president explains, brings into its membership representatives of many political parties and many religious faiths. Dr. Thomas was called upon to explain the purpose and history of the Congress. All the churches in the city were represented by their ablest men, with the exception of the Methodist. On one Sunday morning the doctor preached in the Unitarian church and on another Sunday morning in the Universalist church.

In a private letter the president writes:

"We think the way is well opened to organize a Congress for the District of Columbia. It would seem wise for the Field Secretary to spend some time here in arranging for such a meeting. We go via Richmond, where we will spend a day and will stop at Tallahassee and try to see the preachers and prepare a way for some Congress work later. Pensacola, Montgomery, Birmingham and Tallahassee are available fields for the Congress message."

The *Outlook*, in its estimate of the "outcome of the election in Chicago," says:

"In Charles S. Deneen, a Chicago politician, Illinois has an honest Governor, whose nomination and election proved a death-blow to the old political machine of his party. Chicago at the present time has an honest Mayor and an honest City Council, both untrammeled by party bosses."

This provokes a sickly smile on the face of the independent citizen in Chicago, who is compelled to see that both Governor Deneen and Mayor Dunne are sadly trammeled by their political handicaps. These men are trying hard to be honest in their offices, and insofar as they forget their party allegiance, their office career thus far is encouraging. But when the Governor stoops to pay his political debts with offices

of trust and the Mayor tries to construct a democratic machine, they both find themselves in a critical situation; they are trying the impossible; it is worse than kicking at the pricks; it is Mother Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean. No man can be an honest governor in Illinois today and serve the interests of his party. No man can maintain the adequate dignity of the Chicago mayoralty while he hobnobs with the bosses, planning for future partisan triumphs or defeats.

Will it be of any avail for UNITY to sound at this early date a note of warning to its readers against the approaching dissipation and distraction of the Christmas season? Already the daily papers are beginning to account in flaming advertising broadsides the number of days before Christmas. Already the shop windows are beginning their subtle insinuations. This morning we heard the little children on their way to school describing with great animation last Saturday's attractions at the great downtown marts of trade. The hypnotic process has already begun which will result in a mad furore in the week before Christmas. Time, money and strength will be recklessly thrown into the commercial maelstrom, all in the hope of worthily celebrating the birthtime of the Son of the Carpenter, whose mother cradled him in a stable; an occasion worthy of joy and hilarity, but let us beware lest this inspiration be more commercial than scriptural and that we are all made victims of the tradesmen's windows in the name of the Christ-child. Will there not be many things bought that will bring no commensurate culture, strength or pleasure? Perhaps with gift-giving as with all the other amenities of life, simplicity, prudence, deliberation and the leisure that belongs thereto, represent the highest art and secure the finest results.

Our exchange, the *Congregationalist,* for November 18, grows jubilant over the results of the last election. It rejoices in it as evidence of a "triumphant democracy," and calls it "one of the most important events in our history since Appomattox." After counting the significant defeats of "machines" in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland and Utah, it says:

> "The fact is that new issues have emerged, new alignments are going on, individualism or indifference to the authority of formal political organizations is rampant; and the main facts that emerge are that the people are tired of tyranny and fraud, sophistry and looting, 'irregularity' and theft, and will follow with a rush any man who incarnates courage, candor, and the ideals of justice, equality of opportunity and social welfare."

We share our neighbor's joy, but let us not be lured into complacency. One swallow does not make a summer and these bursts of indignation, unless followed by a persistent and heroic determination to discard defunct issues, to break over the old party distinctions which now represent no vital and lasting issue in municipal, state or national government, there will be no permanent relief. Alas! for the reformer or the reforms that now settle back supinely to wait and see what manner of men the old parties will foist upon the confiding public next spring, after which exhibit the independent will content himself in trying to choose between the lesser of two evils, believing in neither candidate, or knowing that a good candidate will enter upon his trust handicapped by artificial obligations. Is it not time that independency takes the initiative, defy both party tyrannies and select men who honestly represent methods and principles about which the community has a right to differ and which will bring such an alignment as will be educative, executive, real?

Welcome to Mr. Osborne.

Our readers find in this issue a new department entitled "The Congress," and will note that it is to be under the editorial management of Rev. C. A. Osborne, the newly elected Field Secretary of the Congress of Religion. Mr. Osborne writes his own salutatory and our readers will readily discover between the lines what we have been glad to find at the UNITY office—an earnest young man with a trained mind and a catholic spirit, anxious to promote the harmonies of religion. This can only be done by the high selection that underscores the important things, that establish the true perspective.

It looks as though the hour has arrived for which we have so long labored and waited—an hour when a ready mind and a willing hand can be added to give prime attention to those things which have too long received but the second if not the still lower place in the life of the Senior Editor of UNITY. There is no "New Departure"; there will be no unique experiments, no untried ventures; simply a fresh hand at the center, one more worker to devise and execute in the interest of that ideal which the thinking and the worshiping will recognize as commanding in the Parliament of Religions and which a few people since then have tried to emphasize in the work of the Congress, to which UNITY freely lends itself.

We know not what the future hath in store for these ideas and ideals; we are only assured that the outcome will be limited only by the limits of time, strength and means to be devoted to the cause.

Through the energy and affiliations of Mr. Osborne we hope to find new supporters of UNITY and of the Congress, but the Senior sincerely hopes that the "Old Guard" will not fail us.

Dear friends (allow me to drop the editorial "we"), you have become accustomed, perhaps hardened, to my personal appeals; certainly they have grown monotonous through these twenty-seven and more years; but once more I appeal, not for myself, but for the cause. This appeal assumes very definite form. Two dollars makes a year's subscription to UNITY, and carries fifty-two messages from the center, accompanied by fifty-two signals to the prophetic question, "Watcher, what of the night?" Five dollars makes an annual member of the Congress which, according to

an arrangement agreed upon by the Congress and the publishers of UNITY, will carry with it a year's subscription to UNITY, the publications of the Congress and the consciousness of being in the work, with a voice in its counsels and a place in its conferences. Twenty-five dollars will carry all these privileges for a lifetime.

We want, then, new subscribers to UNITY, new annual members, new life members, and I believe that the old friends, to whom I have never appealed in vain, will see in this occasion a new chance to lend a hand. Friends, let us make room for Mr. Osborne; let us take hold of his hands and take hold of one another's hands and keep on in our march towards the heights, towards the city of light, the home of religious freedom, of untrammeled fellowship, ethical sincerity and practical piety. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

A Challenge to Our Republic.

From far-off Russia comes again the wail of a thousand Rachels mourning for their children. Israel, the long-suffering, the descendants of Jeremiah, of John the Baptist, of Jesus and of Paul, once more having to walk through the fire kindled by Christian prejudices, devoured by Christian brutality. After nineteen hundred years of boasted love, of pretended peace-making, of assumed brotherhood, here we come to atrocities that find no parallel this side of the mediæval inquisition, and that exceeds this only in the number of victims and the length of time. But compared with this, the atrocities of the inquisition were white, because they proceeded deliberately in the light of high convictions; they were the victims of a theology which they believed. While today the Jewish victims in Russia are impaled upon the spears of mad passion, beheaded, burned, drowned out of a blind prejudice, a brutal race antagonism.

We know not the immediate source of this Satanic outburst—whether it is the dying gasp of the bureaucrats or the wild intoxication of the long-suffering people. They both alike represent the slowly accumulated errors of those who took counsel of their prejudices, who fattened on the conceit of creed and the boastful pride of blood.

In the face of these awful atrocities, this unspeakable wickedness, what is our duty here in America? What is the duty of those who rejoice in the name of "Christian" and who confess the leadership of the meek and lowly man of Nazareth? Here is a case, not for "Jewish charities"—we can trust their co-religionists to promptly extend the hand of sympathy and to do what they can to ameliorate the suffering of the bereaved, the robbed, the homeless and the friendless, but this event challenges our democracy; it calls for Christianity to make good its pretensions. Not until Christian churches pour out their funds like water, not until democratic America, through its highest executive, makes prompt protest against these perpetrations and call upon the representatives of the civilized world to join him in demanding that these things be stopped, and not until the congress of the United States express its sympathies with the suffering in terms of millions of dollars taken from our congested treasury, will we be justified before God, man and our own consciences.

But the politician will say, "What entanglements!" "What embroilments!" to which the statesman will respond, "What is government for? If ever warships and cannon, bullets and bayonets have any use, here is the occasion—not to assume the aggressive, but to stand back of the righteous rebuke and to see to it that the benignant bounty find its way to the heart of the misery. President Roosevelt won the applause of the world when he called for a truce between the hostile armies of Japan and Russia. Here is a greater emergency, a nobler opportunity. Let him voice the humanities which his nation represents and interpret the Christianity which his heart professes. Congress is about to convene to consider business entanglements and commercial disgraces at home. Let some one on the first day of their assembly promptly move the previous question—the question of humanity, and sound around the world their resolution of indignation with the perpetrators and sympathy with the victims of this outrage, and let the word be promptly backed by the appropriation.

Then, and not till then, will our nation prove itself equal to the emergency and worthy of its history. Unprecedented? Granted, but this is a case, not for lanterns, but for stars, and the heavens will fall and the earth be consumed to ashes before the principles of brotherhood, the rights of the outraged, the cause of the weak and the suffering pass away or become ambiguous.

The Two Mysteries.

"In the middle of the room, near the coffin, sat Walt Whitman holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the face of the aged poet. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leaves us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So all who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But, nearing God, what hath the soul to dread?
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us? Malachi 2:10.

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Field Secretary,
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Larger Religious Fellowship.

England's statesman poet had an inspiring vision of the day,

"When the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

It is undoubtedly true the time is far distant when this prophecy shall be fulfilled, for we live in a world where selfishness and sin, injustice and greed, robbery and rapine, are continuously present, and where both the right of self-defense and the sufferings of the weak call for the strong arm of the law. But it is equally true that Tennyson's vision is the far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves, and not once nor twice in these recent years the nations of the world have thrilled in unison to the call for a transcontinental peace.

If, however, the nations of the world are slow to recognize the demands of brotherhood, there need be no similar hesitancy on the part of religious organizations. Those who kneel in the same temple of faith and offer praise to the self same God of universal love, must put away jealousy and criticism, not to say enmity and open warfare. Is it possible that though Malachi was right and we have all one Father, one God hath created us, yet we are still, in this twentieth century, unwilling to work and worship with our brothers who pray to the same God, read the same Bible, sing the same songs that we do?

Because we believe this is not true, because we believe charity and toleration are far more universal than the church has ever dared to think, because we believe current religious history is instinct with the prophecy of a federation of religious forces, because we would sound a note of brotherhood, raise a banner of fellowship, exhibit and emphasize a spirit of love and filial devotion large enough to include all the sons of God,—for these reasons the officers of the Congress of Religion are appealing for help and cordial sympathy in their new undertakings.

The first really universal oecumenical conference was held in Chicago in 1893, when representatives of all religious denominations, Jew and Gentile, Christian and oriental alike, met together in one Parliament and the question passed from lip to lip, "What think ye of God?" The present Congress of Religion is our heritage from that greatest religious conference in human history, but in one respect is essentially different from it. It has been well said, "Religions are many, religion is one," and it is this one thing we seek. It is not a parliament nor a congress of religious denominations and societies; it is simply and solely a fellowship of religion, a brotherhood to which every seeker after God, every inquirer after divine truth is made welcome. It is to include high-souled men and women of all types of religious belief, and the one test of fitness is the willingness to join hands with others in the formation of this larger fellowship.

It is hardly necessary to defend this organization or justify its need by pointing out that there is no other national organization that is committed to these broad lines. The Federation of Churches just closed is a great step in the right direction, but it is openly and confessedly limited to a certain range of denominational belief. Representatives of just thirty-seven religious denominations were admitted to the Federation of Churches, in a nation where there are more than four times that number. Is it strange that from Methodists and Baptists, as well as Congregationalists and others, there should come voices of protest against a federation of religion that would exclude such men as E. E. Hale and James Martineau, whose Christ-like character is so universally conceded? It is, however, difficult to see how such a federation as is proposed could be all inclusive, and perhaps the lines were wisely drawn. But surely the time has come when ALL religious men can fellowship together without fighting over their differences or failing to recognize their essential unity on the fundamentals of religion. The New York State Conference of Religion is built on exactly the foundations we have mentioned, and is worthy of the highest commendation. In fact, its authors were among the early supporters of this Congress. (See its "Principles and Aim" below.) We would be glad to see such organizations in every State in the Union and to join hands with them in a national federation. Meanwhile we are asking sympathy and co-operation from old friends and new, who desire to see religion not less but more Christ-like than the nations who meet at The Hague, and who are willing to emphasize the unities and the fundamentals of human efforts to think God's thoughts after Him. Can we not agree on three or four ideals worthy of our holiest endeavors and then have suggestions from very many as to plans and methods of work? The writer has put it this way, though form is not essential:

1. The recognition of a fellowship based on the unity of the spirit in all religion and the organization of a democratic brotherhood or congress.

2. The extension of the influence of the Organ which voices the large cry and the many-lipped message of this fellowship.

3. The holding of religious congresses or conferences here and there over the country that shall make for "a quickening of conscience, a more strenuous morality, a purification of industrial, financial and political methods, an intensified devotion to the moral, unselfish ideals of religion."

4. The preaching of the gospel of the divine in man, the child of the (one) God, and the praying for the diviner ethical and social revival of religion in our midst.

Cyrus A. Osborne.

The New York State Conference of Religion.

Principles and Aim.

The conference was organized in 1899 by ministers and laymen of twelve denominations. Agreeing that individual beliefs should be loyally held and frankly maintained, but also that religion unites many whom theology divides, it affirms:

The unity of the spirit in the differing religious organizations.

The supremacy of character and service in religion as witnesses of the religious spirit.

The obligation resting on all religious men to cooperate for social salvation.

Its motto is: "Religions are many, religion is one."

Its aim is: To increase Fellowship in the Spirit among men of differing theologies.

And these affirmations concerning religion are made for a practical purpose. The vital need of the hour is a quickening of conscience, a more strenuous morality, a purification of industrial, financial and political methods, an intensified devotion to the moral, un-

selfish ideals of religion. Convinced that all true seekers after God are really intent upon these things as the most acceptable worship of God, and that great increase of social leverage comes with union of forces, the conference desires to lower the barriers which difference in creed has maintained, so as to enable all men of religious spirit to move *together* in efforts to make the world better!

Among the applications already received for congresses to be held this winter are invitations to Grand Rapids, Battle Creek and Lansing, Mich. As not all congress invitations can be accepted, we request that our friends indicate their desires as soon as possible.

Rev. Dr. Quayle, of St. James M. E. Church, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Lincoln Centre, were the speakers at the banquet at Oakland M. E. Church, of Chicago, last week.

Copies of this number of UNITY will be sent some friends whose names are not yet on our list of members. An offer is made on the title page in the hope and expectation that at least one thousand new members will soon be enrolled. If more agreeable to you send a postal card request (stating when you will be able to remit) and your name will be at once entered on our mailing list. We need both, but your name even more than your fee.

The induction of President James at the Illinois State University recently was an event of more than local significance. Not only is the list of 742 delegates and invited guests a most imposing one, but the bringing together on one platform of the representatives of so many different denominational and educational institutions was an occurrence of historic significance. The address of Jenkin Lloyd Jones was among those that awakened especial interest. Our schools at least seek manhood and character, not creed and ritual, and fellowship there should be on the true basis of religion.

The Song of Thanksgiving.

Within our hearts the song is heard—
The gifts of life in goodness bring;
We fain would speak the joyous word,
And like the angels always sing!

Ah! well, the duty of each day,
Spent in a spirit pure and blest,
Says what the harps of gold can say,
The sweetest song by life expressed!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

After School.

When all my lessons have been learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games;
"Good bye, my fellows, every one!"

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
"Mother, I am come home from school."

—From "Pipes of Pan," by Bliss Carman.

THE PULPIT.

Saving Oneself in Order to Save.

SERMON PREACHED IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROSCOE, ILL., BY REV. QUINCY L. DOWD.

"O God, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.

"Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls from it all strength may gain,
High manliness may win."

"And they that passed by rail'd on him, wagging their heads, and saying, 'Ha! thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days,—save thyself and come down from the cross.'

"In like manner, also the chief priests mocking him among themselves and the scribes said, 'He saved others; himself he cannot save'; or in sarcasm asked, 'Can he not save himself?'"—Mark 15:29-31.

With everyone it comes sooner or later to be the question of being saved. Indeed, one might assume the fact at the outset that every human soul is born under the necessity of being saved. But it might be idle to just assume it, or argue for it; for this fact, like other human facts, has to be faced and found true in one's own self to mean much of anything. To be sure, one can look on the life and conduct of a neighbor so as to say with a degree of conviction and solicitude, "He is in a bad way; he needs to be saved."

Still you can only partly know what being saved calls for in a neighbor's case and might result in for him. It is ever one remove, and a very wide and deep one, from your own self-knowledge. Each can see his neighbor's fault, but "how seldom in that true mirror" does he his own perceive? The necessity and personal good of being saved come out distinctly, however, in actual life, and a real example of it in some person we know is more potent to prove the fact to us, more persuasive to induce us to be saved likewise, than any amount of barren reasoning.

I ask you to think with me for a while of this truth, viz., that sometime in our life the matter of being saved presses upon one in some form or other. Need I say it, that Jesus himself in his short life had to do with being saved? At last it came to his being hung upon the cross, there to suffer cruel agonies, there to endure shameful exposure, there to bear the taunts and jibes of coarse men, there to be counted a criminal among criminals crucified with him on either side, there to hear insults and the worst things said of his best intentions, there to see among his heartless enemies those whom he had tried to befriend, doubtless some whom he had helped and healed, there to behold a few, a very few, friends who pitied his shame and his pain, who shuddered at the horrible injustice done against God's anointed, who helplessly wept with his mother at the foot of the cross, her heart now pierced with many sorrows.

Yes, Jesus himself was drinking the full cup of danger and death, such as everyone of us in our turn must taste of ere life is over. The question of being saved, you see, was forced on him in that hour of crucifixion. It came to his dulled ears from lips of scoffing onlookers gazing at his ignominy and his tortures. Staring into that face of love and good will, they cried, "Save yourself and come down from the cross." Oh! what ignorant irony, what impossible idea of being saved those men indulged!

But the intelligent men in the crowd, the so-called

"better element," composed of priests and lawyers present—these men also recognized and confessed that being saved was the chief thing of that hour and of all hours. Among themselves they spoke of one fact in Jesus' life—"He saved others"; they said, "Now he cannot save himself." Or, possibly, some wiser mind among them had his doubt and put it into these words, "Can he not save himself?"

What effect on Jesus' soul do you suppose these cries and doubts about his "saving himself" produced? We may not know. But you remember that early in Christ's performance of duty on his taking the way to serve and teach men which his God pointed out he felt its difficulty, saw its danger, foresaw even his death by violence at the end. There are pictures, you know, which show the shadow of a cross made on the wall of Joseph's shop, as the tired boy stretched his arms out for a moment's rest. That seems fanciful, but the fact of the cross was deeply imbedded in Jesus' soul, however it got there. Probably he had seen crucifixions, the bodies left hanging on the cross. He knew that some men—yes, many in a bad age—are ready to defame and slay any popular leader and Saviour. * * *

It comes out plainly that being a Saviour and "being saved," as the ordinary opinion of men about being saved goes, oppose each other. But "being saved" and being a Saviour do agree perfectly, if viewed in the light of truth, which is the light Jesus always saw by and acted in. The one thing for Christ all through life was saving himself. Saving himself? Yes. He would save his inner self with God; would save his growth in good conscience; would save his character with men; would save his Saviour life for the sake of serving others; would save his mind so as to avoid errors and have only truth to speak and to give.

"Being saved," then, meant to Jesus saving himself in the best sense. He thought of himself as a Man of men, and as a Son of God (even as other men are, too, if they only knew it). Being saved, therefore, meant his manhood saved—his saving the relation to God of a Son. He thought of himself and his manhood as having a chief reason for life in this world among other men. He felt himself to be here to do service for all. To his own mind God the Father is everything. His the service to reveal God as Father to everybody. To do the Father's will on earth was to Jesus the one business of a man, the supreme good to live for. Hence, he acted this out in every detail of life, and taught men that the same business is theirs. Jesus knew that doing God's will and living in constant touch with the Father by prayer gives unusual strength to a man, making him able to serve the sick and diseased, the blind and the lame, and to work remarkable works. Therefore, he used this power in himself to heal, and comfort, and to speak the word of peace to stained consciences. In all these things Christ was "saving himself"; i. e., was being saved in his character and life by acting out, as we say, his best, true self. In a word, he had the gift and mission of a Saviour. His deeds and words showed it. The way many people took him and received his Saviour-gift showed it. But the very use and exercise of his saving manhood, the very process of living so as to save himself or be saved brought on him the hostility and unbelief of those men who did not wish to save themselves, nor to see others saved in Jesus' way. This hostility and deadly hate against him grew more intense, more desperate toward the end. A last struggle came on for Jesus in Gethsemane. Would he hold on to being the man he started out to be? Would he still cling to the Father and the Father's will in his life as the only good? Would he be true to his service for others' sake at the cost of life, so that no one could ever say, "Jesus disappointed me; he weakened at the last; he denied himself and his Saviour-hood for fear of the cross"? No. Jesus came through that self-temptation victorious. He saved himself that loss of character, that failure to make good, being a Son of God. "Being saved" meant his going before Annas and Caiaphas with the other Jewish conspirators; going before Pilate to bear witness to the truth in his soul; going before Herod to stand silent and unawed in spite of question and gross insult; meant going from Pilate's judgment seat a condemned victim, bearing his own cross along the road of grief out to Calvary, there to be crucified between two robbers. But in Jesus' mind it all meant his being saved. Thus, and thus only, did he save his manhood, his Saviour-hood, his complete Sonship with the Father. It was "on the cross uplifted high" that Jesus "made good." On the cross he found proof of his saving truth and ministry for men as for himself. Where else did he ever speak quite so positively and convincingly as during those hours, those dragging hours of crucifixion? When did he ever act the man, the Divine Man, every man of us would wish to be ready to act, as he did through every torment and reproach from those cruel moments when they nailed his hands and feet to the crossbar and the post, till they thought to assuage his dying thirst by a taste of vinegar in the sponge raised to his parched lips? How had he been able elsewhere to so immediately answer a call for assured friendship, to meet a simple faith in his being what he professed to be, a "King and a Saviour," as in his reply to the repentant and changed robber, hanging next him on his cross, saying, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise"? Yes, Jesus was saved there on the cross, and there on the cross "he saved others." He saves us. In no other way, in no other place could he save himself and so save us.

"Being saved"—this is the question. The same reality of "being saved," or saving yourself, is for every man the same as Jesus took it and carried it out. He is our Saviour. Why? How? Because and in that he himself found and practiced the way and the truth of "being saved." In our thoughts about salvation, in our ideas of "being saved," in our questionings about "What must I do to be saved?", it is essential that we carefully discriminate between various uses of this same word, "saved." There is a physical, or bodily salvation, also an intellectual or mental salvation, and a moral or spiritual salvation. Each of these kinds of "being saved" is made much of in the New Testament stories. Many need to be saved, i. e., made well and whole in body. Even more do people need saving in their thoughts thus to be rid of ignorance and dullness, errors and foolishness. We start with a youthful soul, having a gluttonish relish for things, setting us a tendency to heart-degeneracy in more senses than one. It is a tilt with folly all through if a man still plays the boy. "Keep thy heart with all diligence" is a seasoned word, "for out of it are the issues of life." Jesus saved himself at this stage, and so must I. He had a regard to the fact of "hell" as it shadowed his way through this world. No profane levity about "Gehennah" soiled his lips. He saw too much Gehennah and too deeply into its real awful place in human experience not to count hell in as a serious working thought. It is reported of a prominent American university that its students gathered on the football field during several years and have sung a popular song:

"Oh, when we get to Heaven
We'll give the good old yell,
And those who're not so fortunate
Will give it down in hell.

(Spoken.)
Hell, hell, cheer up, boys, there ain't no hell."

A new ruling of the University Athletic Association has cut out this song and henceforth the students " will not howl profanely." According to Professor James, it is the exaggerated cases and extreme symptoms which have value as examples to teach what man is and may be. And "being saved" in mind is what Jesus was careful of and makes our care. For him, and no less for every man, a working idea of hell is indispensable. Strange to say, hell is the fool's paradise. The flames of hell beat up around the Saviour's cross from that surging crowd, their breaths hot with malice and belching forth cruelty. Heaven, too, was there with soothing grace in hearts of women and brave friends near the cross.

But the widest need of all is to be saved morally. Here is where eternal character, one's selfhood, is at stake. What boots it, if you are well or sick, or educated or an ignoramus, if you are morally unsound, are in your spirit and conduct an idiot? Who has not had to say to himself more than once, "What a fool I am"? We say this when we have done wrong, not necessarily when having a toothache or when not able to recite a lesson well. "Being saved," then, or saving myself, is fundamentally a thing of my inner soul, of my character. There must be no mistake here, no half measures, no blinding myself to moral facts, no make believe of any kind. It is in the light streaming from the Cross of Christ that I must examine myself as a saved man according as the truth in Christ reveals my character and action to me. And what is my character today? What kind of a self or spirit am I? You know that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, so wise and witty, once wrote that each person stands for three distinct souls. "Let us suppose," he says, "a man named John. There are really three Johns: (1) The John his neighbors know; (2) the John who knows himself; (3) the John as God knows him." Let me add, John is saved or lost under each one of his characters. Is it not true of you and me? We are being saved or being lost as our neighbors know and think of us. This is much in its way. But it is a deeper, more serious thing to be saved or to be lost as one knows and thinks of himself. However, to know one's self or think of one's self in a certain way, either hopefully or dubiously, is but a partial or imperfect knowledge. It remains over to have the assurance that God knows me through and through. I am what God knows me to be. I am being saved if God thinks so. I am being lost if God sees my heart and wishes and conduct to be quite wrong.

There is a definite way, my friends, of peaceful confidence that we are being saved or are saving ourselves day by day. Paul asserts it clearly in writing to young Timothy. After giving him plain counsels how to behave and carry himself in all company, at his work, and going to and fro, he tells him: "Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptation, for to this end we labor and strive, because we have our hope fixed on the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." The apostle concludes his advice to the young man: "Be diligent in these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy progress may be manifest to all. Take heed to thyself and to thy teaching. Continue in these things, for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and them that hear thee."

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky."

Such is an impressive, time-honored opening stanza of the hymn we can never afford to disuse in Christian worship. It is no small matter to "fit oneself for the sky." Once I heard a Jesuit father preach in the English Roman Catholic Church at Rome on the subject, "The Duty of Being Saved"; his text was, "Pray without ceasing." But the burden of the earnest discourse began and ended with the obligation man owes to God and to himself to secure personal salvation. The exhortation lacked generous uplift and the enthusiasm which filled Jesus' mind at the thought of saving himself. No hint was given of the divine and human truth of salvation in that other fuller hymn:

"O Lord of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,
If in thy service every hour
We lived and moved with thee.
If youth in all its bloom and might
By thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at thy side!"

The German Spirit.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. L. C. MONIN, DEAN, ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE ARCHE CLUB IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, NOVEMBER 10, 1905.

Mr. Edmund Burke in his speech on "Conciliation" said, "You cannot indite a nation." The opposite might be asserted with equal right, "You cannot appraise a nation's achievements and spiritual victories," for any nation in the working out of her destiny is above reproach as well as above praise bestowed upon it by any individual.

And yet there are occasions when we feel the need of giving utterance to our sympathetic appreciation of the aims and ideals pursued by the nations beyond the seas. Time, the great interpreter and the great judge of individual, as well as of national success or failure, assists each generation in the just valuation of the contributions made to the spiritual possessions of mankind by each epoch and each people.

We have gathered today to do homage to the memory of one of the purest and noblest sons of a great country. And in honoring our beloved poet we are aware that he, like every other great soul, owes the best and most influential part of his vision and of his enthusiasm to the *genius* of the nation he called his own.

Friedrich Schiller, like Plato, like Dante, or Shakespeare, was a child of his time, and his works, like those of every prophet and seer, voice, in the glorious sweep of his rhythm, the aspirations and the inspiration of the German people.

From history we learn that every great nation made its unique contribution to the permanent spiritual inheritance of mankind. To the Greek we owe the concept and the reverence of the *beautiful*; to the Roman that of the *useful;* Judaism enriched and deepened life by developing the *ethical* ideal; the finest blossom of the sixteenth century was the *literary* spirit; the seventeenth century unfolded the *scientific* spirit; the end of the eighteenth century saw the rise of the *philanthropic* ideal. The French mind is pre-eminently *logical;* the English *practical.* Spain has its *grandezza* and Italy its *poetry* of sky and color.

What, then, is Germany's distinction, securing for her a place in the brotherhood of nations? What are the chief characteristics of German men and

women whose name and influence have reached beyond the political boundaries of their country? What do we mean by the *German spirit?*

Can we confront it with that question, and as a ray of light is spread out into the colors of the rainbow by the prism of research can we discern the component parts of so elusive an existence as the spirit of a nation?

First of all, the German spirit contains what the English tongue calls "heart" or "soul": *Gemüt.* It is very significant that there is no word in the vocabulary of other nations which exactly conveys the meaning of this term. We, too, like to put *heart* into our affairs; we, too, speak of a *soulless* creature, or of the *affections* most precious to us. But to be seized or thrilled "mit ganzem Gemüt," to feel the nearness of God or of love, or of joy and sorrow, "im tiefsten Gemüt," cannot be rendered. Neither "cozy," nor "pleasant," nor "snug" are as warm and comfortable as "gemütlich," and no power on earth is able to rob the German of this inexhaustible treasure of hope and faith.

It is Gemüt that fills the most obscure life with sunshine and sustaining grace; it is Gemüt that dwells in the moonlit gardens or the castle ruins where the blue flower of Romanticism is secreted; Gemüt creates the atmosphere of hearth and home in the fatherland as well as on foreign shores, and Gemüt gives every work of German art that insinuating, heart-comforting, unforgetable quality which brings the tears to our smiles and evokes the smile amid the tears. Gemüt is the eternal lamp burning in the cathedral of German literature and philosophy. What the world needs is more heart, more soul, more of that incomparable, but most powerful agent making for human brotherhood, preparing the way to a better understanding between man and man.

No nation can hope to reach the heights without giving careful attention to the training of its children. And in the enthusiastic attempt to solve this most difficult problem the German spirit has added to the three small *r's* of popular education *three capital R's* as the most effective means of building up national greatness and national stability, viz.:

Restraint,
Respect,
Reverence.

They are the three R's of German education and the secret of its success.

Restraint and self-control; Respect for law and order; Reverence for God and his universe and great principles. Applications as they are of the more comprehensive and deeper quality of German character: Gemüt (heart, soul), these three ideals have been the motor forces of what we are pleased to call the progress of Germany. And wherever the German spirit has manifested itself purest and strongest, there restraint, respect and reverence are the *leitmotive,* as it were, the theme underlying all variations.

Fearless in the search for truth, methodical and thorough in the execution of work, sympathetic and comprehensive in the contemplation of life's problems, the German spirit manifested itself in literature, philosophy, religion, science and politics—in yet another and still more decisive quality, viz., in the devotion to duty.

Heart and Loyalty,
Gemüt und Pflichtgefühl,
are the two most brilliant rays in the spiritual spectrum of the German.

We in this free, rich and great country are accustomed to insist upon our rights. And we are right in doing so. The Germans have aimed to comprehend, and they emphasize their obligations. And they are right in doing so. There exists no right that does not involve an obligation; by honestly fulfilling our obligations we obtain our rights.

Our Declaration of Independence has forever formulated and proclaimed the rights of man; the German spirit finds its best expression in faithfulness, fidelity and loyalty to duty.

"Thu' deine Pflicht!" is written upon Germania's heart. And wherever the genius of the German people has challenged the admiration of the world it was the loyalty to duty; it was "das deutsche Pflichtgefühl" that thrilled and inspired mankind. And this sterling quality is the rock upon which is built the Germany we know; it is the golden thread connecting every phase of German history; it is the most precious possession of a great nation.

This ideal wherever we may find it, whether in Schiller's appeal to the Artists, or as the fundamental thought of Goethe's Faust ("wer immor strebend sich bemüht den können wir erlösen"); whether elaborated by Fichte in his addresses to the German nation, or condensed by Kant into the categorical imperative; whether applied by Moltke in military discipline, or by a Humboldt, or Helmholz or Mommsen in their "ripe completeness of system," or finally, triumphantly victorious in Bismark's statesmanship, it is always and everywhere the faithful devotion to duty.

What, then, is the German spirit? Its essence may be expressed by two words:

Heart and Loyalty;
Das deutsche Gemüt und die deutsche Treue!

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Sun-Clear Book on the Bible.

Other things being equal, the last book is the best book on the Bible, for every true Biblical scholar, like all scientists, must freely avail himself of all that has been done by his predessors. Such a book is "The Evolution of a Great Literature," written by such a man—Newton Mann, of Omaha, Neb. The subtitle of the book is significant: "Natural History of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures." The readers of UNITY need no introduction to him whose name appears among our editorial contributors. His clarifying lectures and sun-clear estimates of books and movements have been familiar to its readers throughout its whole history. This book represents the work of long years of thoughtful scholarship. The seed of it has been on our book-shelves for many years in the shape of a little book on the Bible, which we hailed on its first appearance in 18, and which has been in constant use on our library table. But that book is related to this only as the rose hip is related to the rose bush.

The marked characteristics of this work are clearness, carefulness, fearlessness and unfeigned appreciation. We will not attempt to criticize or review. Suffice it to say that here is stated in clear words and printed in attractive form that which has been the aim of the writer to teach and much of the inspiration of his teaching for many years. It clearly supplants in his estimation all simple one-volume introduction to our Bible as it stands in the new light of science. Well does the *Standard Union,* of Brooklyn, say:

"His unpolemical statement will be useful alike to those who incline to similar and those who hold contrary views."

The *Springfield Republican* says:

"The book will serve a most useful purpose in putting before the people the material by which to judge of the issues

involved in the struggle over the higher criticism, which is probably only beginning."

The *Boston Transcript* says:

"The entire Biblical literature comes under review and is always treated fairly."

Before we append the analysis of its contents, prepared by another hand, we must heartily congratulate our yoke-fellow and companion-at-arms in this bloodless battle against superstition and ignorance in the interest of progress and devoutness, over this fitting exponent of his student life. A man of science indeed is he who commands respect as a student of double stars and at the same time of Biblical criticism; he who has been at home all these years with the telescope and with his lexicons. And we congratulate Mr. West, the publisher, on the worthy form he has given to a book for which there is far more need than call. It is saddening to think that so few people will be sufficiently interested to buy and to study this latest and, we repeat, on that account, best one-volume popular introduction to the priceless treasures of the Hebrew and Greek scriptures, as interpreted in the light of modern science and higher scholarship. Perhaps we are mistaken in the number. In hopes to increase the number, we are glad to make room for the following estimates:

This book seeks to show the orderly development through a thousand years of the various writings which make up our Bible. Holding with all competent authorities of these days that at least the germs of the oldest traditions and legends found in the historical books are Babylonian, the author gives to these a higher antiquity than any one formerly thought of claiming for them. He shows the first books of Israel to have been rude collections of these old stories, and traces thence the slowly growing stream of this people's literature down through the centuries into the Christian period, pointing out the contributions of each successive age, showing how the writings, one and all, reflect the civilization, the literary development, the religious status, of the time in which they were severally produced, each a characteristic outcome of its own period, each marking a stage in the progress of the Jewish race. Thus for every book of the collection, as we have it, a motive, a *raison d'être*, is found in the circumstances of the national life, and the whole literature takes on the form of an orderly development, comparable to the growth of every other literature, and indeed of every living thing. In short the Bible is seen to be an evolution, and not a miraculous production.

The writer has presented, in a lucid, straightforward, and, withal, fascinating manner, the latest and best conclusions of scholarship on the date, authorship, and specific aim of the several writings, with a view to put in small compass and within the reach of every one the means of information on these important points now mostly hid away in ponderous and costly volumes. For every deviation from commonly received views the highest authorities are cited, the author showing no desire to further any personal or sectarian ideas, but only to set forth the facts, to adduce the evidences, and get at the truth.

Precisely the same principles are applied to the investigation of the problems of the New Testament as of the Old. The scientific method is held to throughout, in the full belief that these books can be set in the light of day only by the same treatment which latterly has illuminated so many other ancient writings. There surely is nothing concerning which it better becomes us to seek out the whole truth, and by the most rigorous methods that we can apply.

A copious Index is added, to make the contents more readily available to students, and for the convenience of Bible-classes, for which the work is especially adapted. J. LL. J.

Notes.

From Putnam's I am in receipt of a book which ought to be of a great deal of use. It is an effort to assist the tendency to Christian unity by creating a basis in theology of a broader and more sympathetic sort. The title of the book is "Irenic Theology," by Charles Marsh Mead, D. D. He endeavors to readjust the old doctrines to modern thought, and certainly succeeds in many points. At any rate, there is lots of common sense in the book. He certainly sets forth the central idea of infinite love—that is, infinite patience and infinite care—in a way that shames old Calvinism.

From the same firm I have received "The Development of the European Nations," by J. Holland Rose, of Cambridge University, England. The first volume begins with the Causes of the Franco-German War, 1870, and the second volume will land us at 1900. He discusses the battles of Sedan, Gravelotte and others that led to the founding of the French republic. Then comes the German Empire and the Eastern question. The last chapter in this volume discusses Nihilism and Absolutism in Russia. The style is bright and readable, and I think these volumes will be exceedingly interesting to everyone whose years span back to 1870. It has been a wonderful time in which to live, and we should be grateful to anyone who puts our own history—that in which we ourselves have had a part—into shape and form.

"Philippine Life in Town and Country," from the same publishers, is a thoroughly good, compact and very readable account of the Philippines by one who was for two years connected with the United States Philippine Commission for establishing civil government in those islands—James A. LeRoy. The book is well illustrated, and I have found nothing equal to it among the dozens of books discussing the Philippines in a general way. It is a first rate family book and fine for school libraries.

But for a study of our American colonial policy, there is one book that is decidedly superior to that last named. I refer to "Our Philippine Problem," by Henry Parker Willis, for some time a fellow in the Chicago University and now professor of economics in Washington and Lee University. This book is radically good from every standpoint. It is not sharply biased by either the governmental policy or the suggested policy of those who would drop the Philippines altogether. The publishers of this book are Henry Holt & Co. The author spent considerable time in the Philippines, and he used his time in the most careful investigations. I shall have more to say of it hereafter.

From Funk & Wagnalls I received a book by Wilbur F. Crafts, entitled, "What Successful Men of Today Say of Success." There is a lot in this volume worth reading. I think it would make a thoroughly useful Christmas present for either boy or girl. There is a twang here and there of the professional minister, and I should like to erase some of the books which he recommends for young people to use. In the appendix there is a very good list of books to constitute a tour round the world.

From Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Co. I have "The Boss of Little Arcady," by Harry Leon Wilson. This volume is a bunch of poems in prose—pastoral poems—one of the most enchanting novels that I ever read. I can recommend it in very high terms for its genius and for its moral as well as intellectual beauty. Each chapter is a novel by itself, with its own distinct charms; and yet they hinge together perfectly. Best of all, perhaps, there is not an old note in the book. Nothing is borrowed or imitative. It is a creation.

Charles Scribner's Sons send "The Deep Seas Toll," by James D. Connolly. This author is fairly well known by his sea stories already. They are whole-

some and fascinating. If the yarns are not strictly true stories, the tone is truthful, and we get sea life accurately. It does a land man good occasionally to breathe the salt sea air. I like it, and I like Mr. Connolly's book. E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The world is sown with good; but unless I turn my glad thoughts into practical living and till my own field, I cannot reap a kernel of the good.

MON.—A deaf-blind person ought to find special meaning in Plato's Ideal World. These things which you see and hear and touch are not the reality of realities, but imperfect manifestations of the Idea, the Principle, the Spiritual; the Idea is the truth, the rest is delusion.

TUES.—The test of all beliefs is their practical effect in life.

WED.—Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.

THURS.—If we have lost some of the heroic physical qualities of our ancestors, we have replaced them with a spiritual nobleness that turns aside wrath and binds up the wounds of the vanquished.

FRI.—I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others.

SAT.—I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.

—From Optimism by Helen Keller.

Home.

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting browner;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

—Emily Dickinson: Autumn.

Thanksgiving Days.

The first Thanksgiving day in all history was the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles.

England's first national Thanksgiving was September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish armada.

Only the United States keeps a regular annual national Thanksgiving.

In 1633 the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving. From this dates our November anniversary.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were issued by Congress during the Revolutionary War.—*Selected.*

How Patty Gave Thanks

Ah! how snug it was in the barn that cold November night! Farmer Gray shut all the doors as if it were winter weather, and then went away glad to think that the animals were warm and comfortable for the night. No sooner had the sound of his footsteps died away than a cow raised her head and gave a faint bellow.

"News!" said she, "News! Something beautiful happened to me today. It was just before I turned out into the field this morning. Little Patty came running up to me and began to stroke my forehead. 'You good old cow!' said she; 'I had some milk to drink at breakfast and I know who gave it to me, and so I have come to say thank you. Mother told me this morning that this was "Thank-you" day'; and then the dear child put a delicious apple into my mouth and laughed to hear me crunch it! I am so glad that my milk is good and rich. And she thanked me for butter and cream and for her papa's cheese, too, the grateful child!"

"You say well, Neighbor Cow; a grateful child she is," said the farm horse. "I was in the stall just before they harnessed me to take the family to church, and little Patty came to see me, too; and she thanked me for all the rides she had had on my back and in the haycart, and for dragging the plow and for bringing the flour from the mill. Then, bless her heart! she reached up and gave me a big mouthful of sweet-smelling hay. I tell you, I'll trot my prettiest the next time I have her in the carriage!" Bob gave a pleased whinny as he said this, and, as if in response, a noise came from the sheep barn. The sheep barn joined the larger barn, and at the doorway between stood a mild-faced sheep, who began to speak in her own way.

"So little Patty went to you, too, did she? I can tell you I was surprised when she brought me and the rest of the flock an extra dish of salt this morning, 'This is to say, thank you, good sheep,' said she. 'We talked about you in the kindergarten and I know that our worsted balls are made of your wool, and my new mittens, and my flannel petticoat, and my winter coat and dress, and Jackie's clothes, and the blankets —and, oh, so many things! How funny you would look with them all on your back.' Then she felt of my wool and patted me with her gentle little hand. I do hope that my fleece will be a good heavy one this year, and how I wish the wool might be used for little Patty!"

"Well, well!" said the Cow, "the child did make it a real 'Thank-you day,' I am sure; for besides thanking me, and you, Bob, and you, Mrs. Fleecy, I heard the Hens saying today that she had been showering corn down for them by the double handful and saying 'Thank you' for the eggs which they had given her. She told them that she liked the eggs for breakfast, and that her mamma made cake with them, too. I wonder what put it into her head to come and thank us all."

"It was her good little heart that put it into her head," said Bob, wisely; "and I think I know the reason she came today, for as I was trotting along the road to and from church, I heard the family talking a good deal about today being Thanksgiving day. And when Patty's grandpapa asked her if she knew why Thanksgiving day was kept she said: 'Oh, yes! It is the day to say "Thank you" for everything, and that is why I hurried out to the barn this morning.'

"'And to whom did you say "Thank you" out there?" asked her grandpapa.

"'Why, to all of them,' answered Patty; 'to Bob and Molly cow, and the sheep and the hens.'

"'Very good,' said grandpapa, 'very good, indeed, little Thankful-heart. I am glad you thought of the kind, useful creatures from whom we get so many things for our pleasure and comfort.'"

As Bob repeated what Patty's grandpapa had said, sober Mrs. Fleecy gave a little caper of delight, and Molly Cow heaved a sigh of deep satisfaction. Kind, grateful words are pleasant to any ears.

It was now bedtime and the animals began to settle themselves for their night's rest. Mrs. Fleecy went back to her woolly companions in the sheep barn; Molly Cow sank down restfully in her stall; and Bob, after stamping and tramping a few times, bent his long legs under him and lay down upon his fresh straw bedding. But before they went to sleep they spoke again of how happy dear little Patty had made them with her thanks and her gifts.—*Emilie Poulsson from In the Child's World.*

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

Foreign Notes.

GENEVA JOTTINGS: LA DAME AUX ROUETS, ETC.—This letter is to be a kind of *omnium gatherum* or scrap-bag. There has been so much to write and so little time to write it these many weeks that brain, portfolio and traveling bag are crammed with left overs that cry to be cleared out. First then about the Boers, of whom UNITY has heard nothing for a long time, though I have been hearing a great deal not only about them, but about Miss Hobhouse and the pro-Boers of England both during the war and since. Many things pathetic and even thrilling I am not at liberty to publish, but there are other things so beautiful in their sweet spirit of human kindliness that it can do no harm to proclaim them to all the world. I told in these columns just before I left Chicago of her little industrial school so quietly started at Philippolis in the Orange River Colony; of the testing of local materials; the spinning, weaving, dyeing and the hope and enthusiasm the work was awakening in sad Boer hearts. I told, too, how when the school was fairly running and her pupils had shown what they could do, Miss Hobhouse started north with samples of their work to take orders for their goods and how she found in Johannesburg and elsewhere, not merely a market for her wares, but a persistent, earnest cry for like instruction. From many quarters comes the Macedonian cry: ''Come over and help us.'' Yes, come and help us to help ourselves and save our self-respect. You show us a way which, while helping ourselves we may also help our country!

So in the face of even greater difficulties that at Philippolis because of local conditions and the enormous cost of everything at present in the Transvaal, Miss Hobhouse has started her second school not far from the great orphanage at Langlaagte. The devoted little band of English is divided and, reinforced by the girls they have already trained at Philippolis, the two schools are running simultaneously, developing certain specialties and doing their utmost to meet a need for which many, many times their capital and plant would still be inadequate.

And now the scene changes to Switzerland, where Mme. degli Asinelli, a dainty, fragile, little white-haired lady who looks as if the first rough wind might blow her away, is bending all her energies to help Miss Hobhouse. She copies over and over again Miss Hobhouse's letters and circulates them in different parts of the country among her friends. She carries on an enormous correspondence at home and abroad. She writes for the papers in different parts of Switzerland, many of whose editors are always ready to second her efforts. So she had come to be known everywhere as the Friend of the Boers, but now she has a title that is even prettier. One day one of her Swiss correspondents had an inspiration. Swiss women no longer use their spinning wheels, she wrote, but there are hundreds of them in the country, why do you not ask the Swiss peasant women to give their spinning wheels to Miss Hobhouse?

In no time our little lady's pen was hard at work and she was writing in certain directions to learn the peculiarities of Swiss spinning wheels and whether they were adapted to the African work; in certain others for estimates as to the cost of packing and shipping them. The answers were so satisfactory that soon the appeal for spinning wheels was printed in friendly papers all over the country. A prominent firm in Basel offered to pack all Swiss wheels sent to its care and ship, free of cost, to whatever seaport might be determined on; an ocean transportation company agreed to ship for half price from Havre to the Cape of Good Hope and a member of the same firm, in his personal capacity, has promised to meet the other half of this expense whatever it may be. The 30th of September was set as a limit for the reception of the wheels and soon letters began to come to Mme. degli Asinelli at Geneva and the wheels to the warehouse at Basel. Some of the letters were quite charming in their naive simplicity. One young girl enclosed a small photograph of herself and the wheel, a family heirloom, that she was sending. Another woman from some almost unheard of little village away up in the mountains wrote: ''My two wheels are put in good order and packed, but now I sit before them and know not what to do with them after all, for Hans, the mail carrier does not know the way to Boerland any more than I do.'' Nevertheless the wheels have kept coming and the idea has spread from place to place. At a banquet of the Peace Congress in Lucern Mme. degli Asinelli was seated between UNITY'S good friend and a Swiss countryman who in course of conversation offered his card and asked for hers, on seeing which his whole face lighted up as he exclaimed: ''Oh, you are the lady of the spinning wheels. If I had known you were like this shouldn't I have tried to help you!''

By the end of September 375 spinning wheels had reached the Basel agency; a very few too old and worm eaten to go further, but, on the other hand, more than a hundred that had been thoroughly repaired before sending. Miss Hobhouse is already rejoicing over their prespective arrival and has sent a letter of thanks, published in various papers. The wheels, she says, are of a kind most suitable for the African work, and will enable many more to learn. ''I feel a step is gained,'' she says, ''whenever a girl returns to her farm with brothers and sisters who are at home.''

Inspired by the Swiss example, another pro-Boer is about to begin the collection of wheels in the grand duchy of Baden and another in Weisbaden. All this is most interesting and encouraging, but not all countries are strewn with unused spinning wheels, nor are these the only implements needed for the development of these beneficent industries in Boerland. Looms and knitting machines are no less important and generous, practical America may very naturally lend a hand to the work in this direction. A harvest will surely come from the seed sown at Lucern and elsewhere in American hearts and minds.

* * *

The echoes of the Liberal Congress have hardly yet died away. *Le Protestant* has done something to make good the notable deficiency of its first report, and in its issue of September 30, its Geneva correspondent comments humorously as follows on certain utterances of the Geneva press in regard to that gathering:

Our local press has shown itself sympathetic in a general way. We must except, however, the *Courrier de Genève*, a clerical untramontane organ, and the *Samaine religeuse*, organ of evangelical Protestantism; a touching harmony.

''That this Congress,'' writes the *Courrier*, ''should have been held in a city as enlightened as Geneva, that it should have deemed it possible to present to the admiration of the public a hybrid collection of apostales, of personages covered by fez or turban, of English divines accompanied by their wives and daughters, and finally that some of our official dignitaries should have strayed into this crowd; all this is ground for humiliation to one who cares even a little for the intellectual reputation of his country.''

Poor *Courrier*, so concerned for the reputation of its country, in which it and its church play so large a part! It is humiliated. Doubtless to restore the intellectual standard of our city, so lowered by religious liberalism, it will institute some new pilgrimages to Lourdes and recommend with more urgency than ever, devotion to Saint Anthony of Padua, who aids in the recovery of lost objects. Then Geneva will shine anew in the world as a star of the first magnitude, and in future religious congresses one will take care to admit neither fez nor turban and only the priest's cap will be visible.

The *Semaine religieuse* realized that this gathering of superior men even accompanied by their wives and daughters, was not a negligible event; in three numbers, therefore, it gave a conscientious report of the proceedings of the Congress. It presented and judged them in its own way, criticising them and not giving its unqualified approval. All this was very natural. No one could ask it to treat the matters as a liberal organ would have done, but it shows us plainly that it is not pleased. Its first article is sharp, the second, where Mr. Ch. G—— wields the pen, is more benevolent, and the paper of our good friend, Pastor André Bertrand, on the Holiness of Jesus, finds favor with the editor of the *Semaine*, M. Fr—— Ch——. Finally in a third article the latter tries to smile. It is true he gives a passing thrust at M. Jean Reville, who permitted himself to speak irreverently of some of the leading irreconcilables of the extreme right wing of French orthodoxy; but he is charmed with the audacities of M. M. Hocart and Hugenholz, and speaks with a spice of malice of Professor Nath Sen, representative of the Brahmo Somaj, ''who was induced at great expense to come from India.''

* * *

To sum up, the success of the Congress of Geneva is indisputable. Why was it not permitted to all promoters of the liberal movement in our city, to Violler Bret, Conguard and others, who so lately labored by the side of Professor Chantre, honorary president of the Congress, to see this beautiful demonstration. The sight would have been a precious reward for all their efforts, which have perhaps been a little too much neglected during these days, for, if the liberal movement has not failed at Geneva as at Lausanne and Neuchâtel, if it has been possible to convene a liberal religious Congress here, it is really to these men of courage and of deeds that we owe it, and this we should not forget.—M. E. H.

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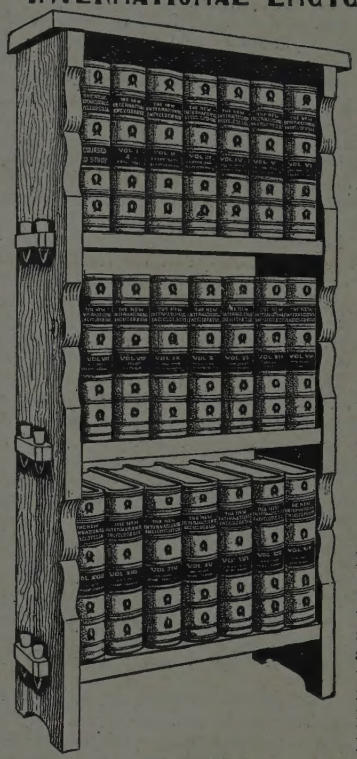

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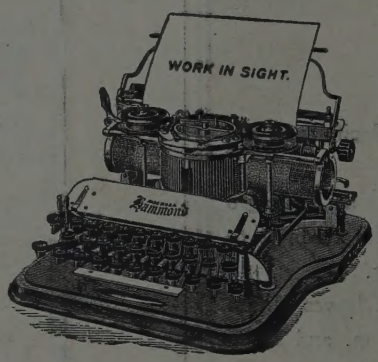

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